

Tee- Shirt

by Barefooted Dragon

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Summary: (Inspired by Birdy's Tee- Shirt) A look into young Hiccup Haddock's morning, when he realizes that he spent half his morning thinking about Jackson Overland's tee- shirt. TFIOS!AU

Tee- Shirt

I wake up and automatically roll onto my side to check my phone. I received 3 new messages.

I smile as I read the texts.

Good Morning Hiccup Haddock. I would just want you to know that I was thinking about you as soon as I woke up. I hope this expresses that you mean a great deal to me.

Hiccup Haddock? When I was lying on my bed this morning, watching the sun rays come through my window, I just remembered the dream that I had. It was about you... Well, that's not very surprising. I'm at our place.

Okay?

"Okay." I answer, reading aloud the text. I press send.

I put down the phone, and decide to go to Jack later on. I lock my phone, then turning it on again to check the time. 09:15 am.

I put on my prosthetic, take my needed medication, and I go downstairs to Mum and Dad. Toothless, my adopted little brother, was already there. He groans when he sees the grin on my face.

"Jack's been texting you again, hasn't he?" He says.

"Oh shush Toothless," Mum says, "It's nice that your brother has met

Jack. He's finally passed his depressed stage." She winks at me.

"Mum, I wasn't despressed." I mumble, sitting down and begin to eat my cereal. The smile on my face still hadn't vanished, and it wasn't moving any time soon.

I scoop up another spoonful of Cheerios and look at the clock, not really registering that Dad is talking to Toothless about school. I watched the clock hand and my mind wanders off to Jack. I wonder what he looks like right now. His white hair disheveled, and slightly sleepy blue eyes. His oxygene tank hissing while he sits on our swing, at _our place, as he thinks about the dream that he had.

I wonder what tee-shirt he's wearing.

I get up from the table, kissing Mum's cheek, ruffling Toothless's hair and patting Dad on the back, and tell them that I'm going to meet Jack.

I get my phone from upstairs before heading up stairs. It was spring, personally my 2nd favourite month. I take a deep breath of spring air and walk to the park.

My wanders to Jack again. I think about all the tee-shirts that he owns, and which one he's wearing. He owns a baby blue tee-shirt with darker blue snowflakes scattered around the chest area. That one is my favourite.

I take my phone and headphones from my pocket, clicking on voicemail. Most of them were from Jack and I click the latest one.

He was just talking about his day, and I immerse myself in low baritone that he speaks in. All these messages from Jack make me fall in love with every single word he speaks. I've kept all his messages, and I'm never deleting any of them.

I think about his tee-shirt again.

Why my mind keeps thinking about this particular subject, I do not know. The human brain is said to have thoughts that can think about many things all at once, like simultaneous equation, yet my brains chooses to think about Jack's tee- shirts.

I feel my face flush as I see Jack swinging on the lonely tree swing. He spots me and waves, his smile directed at me.

I feel the warm, fuzzy feeling erupt in my stomach, and pick up my pace to the park, putting my phone back into my pocket.

When I get to the tree, I stand several feet away from Jack. We were both smiling, and since it was still a little cold, our cheeks were both pink. Whether it's from the cold, or the sight of seeing each other, I couldn't really be bothered to know which one.

"Hey," I say.

"Hey." He continues to smile, rocking gently backwards and forwards on the swing. His oxygene tank not too far from him.

My eyes wonder down to his tee-shirt. I feel butterflies when I see him wearing my favourite baby blue snowflake shirt. I walk forward to the swing, kissing him on the forehead, before sitting down on his lap.

I feel him wrap his arms around my waist, resting his chin on my shoulder. I sigh in content and lean backwards, into Jack's touch.

We stay sitting like this, swinging slowly. Just being in each other's presence was enough, we didn't need to say much.

He kisses my cheek, and smile. I rake one of my hands through his white locks.

"Jack, what time is it?" I ask.

"What makes you ask?" He says, nuzzling my neck.

I giggle, taking everything in. I love Jack. I could say that an infinite amounts of times, and I wouldn't get bored. I turn my head so that my mouth was by his ear, and whisper. "What time is it Jack?"

He holds out his watch for us to see, "12:07. Are you busy?"

"Nope." I giggle again, and nuzzle his cheek. "I just spent half this morning thinking about you and the tee-shirts that you wear."

End
file.